

The Country-Maids Delight; Or, The Husbandman's Honour made known.

Being a Delightful song in praise of a Plow-man.

You Husbandmen that in Country doth dwell,
I pray observe and mark my Deety well,

In praise of you I will set forth aright,

In this song call'd, *The Country Maids Delight.*

To the tune of, *the souldiers delight; Or, the seamans adieu to his dear.*



You young-men and Maids that in Country doth dwell,

lend attention if time spare you can;

He sing you a song that will please full well,

in praise of the honest Plow-man;

Then hie for the Plow-man that's valiant and stout,

I love him as dear as my life,

For if e're I be wed, or lose my Maiden-head,

I will be a Husbandman's wife.

Then mark well I pray what to you I will say,

He hie to you if you'll understand,

How a Plow-man is him that in honour shall thrive,

for he is the main stalk of the Land.

Then, &c.

In the best place he worketh and labours full hard,

and takes great pains every day,

In sowing and plowing in reaping and mowing,

for he had but small time for to play.

Then, &c.

And when his days work it is ended and done,

he's as merry as a Bird in the Cage:

Then with Bacon and Beef the which is of the chief,

his hunger it doth soon alluage.

Then, &c.

Then to bed he doth go his nights rest for to take,

in the morning betimes riseth he,

His business to ply whether't be wet or dry,

for such things neglected must not be.

Then, &c.

And thus you may see that a Plow-man is a man,

that bad Husbandry doth abhor,

But he takes pains, yet he getteth good gains,

whilst many Trabelmen like but poor.

Then hie for the Plow-man that's valiant and stout,

I love him as dear as my life;

For if e're I be wed, or lose my Maiden head,

He be a Husbandman's VVife.

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He be a Husbandman's VVife.

I Le not have a Tayloꝝ to measure my waiste;
foꝝ he is false in every way:
He loves Cabbidge so deare, that he cannot foꝝbear;
but he the Chiefe often must play;
then hey for the Plowman that's Valiant and Stout;
I love him as deare as my life;
If e'r I be Wed, or lose my maiden-head;
I will be a Husbandman's wife.

Also the stout Miller with his Cole-dish,
he never shall grind in my Mill,
foꝝ he is a Knave, though he boars it out brave;
and so he will ever be still:
then, &c.

There's the Weaver, the Blacksmith, and the Shoo make
most of them are deceitful also,
But a Plow-man is he that my true Love must be,
in spite of all them that say no.
Then, &c.

foꝝ if it were not foꝝ the honest Plow-man,
what should we do foꝝ Wear oꝝ Bread,
The Baker and the Paultmen themselves might go hang
foꝝ trading with them would be dead.
Then, &c.

Also young fine Citizens the which doth go,
so gallant so trim and so neat;
Tho' dainties they have that's both pleasant and brave,
yet without Bread they cannot them eat.
Then, &c.

And ift e'r be my fortune to have a Plow-man,
with him I'll go through thick and thin;
'Tis not Lord nor Earl that hath got Gold oꝝ Pearl;
that shall my true love from him win.
Then, &c.

Then let Country Lasses be all of my mind,
the honest Plow-man foꝝ to love,
He is constant and true, he'l not turn with the wind;
but he's as true as the Turtle Dove.
Then, &c.

And so to conclude my new ditty here pen'd,
God bless the brave Plow-man I say,
I wish him prosperity unto the end,
foꝝ 'tis he that doth carry the day.
Then hey for the Plow man that's val ant and stout
I love him as deare as my life,

If e're I be wed, and lose my Maiden head,
I'll be a Husbandmans wife.

Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke: